

Addicted by PlusSizeReader

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Summary:

Billy Hargrove x Step-Sister!Plus size!reader

Word Count: 1203 words

Warnings: Reader is Billy's step sister, so not a real warning, but something to keep in mind.

Summary: Reader is Max's older sister and Billy's step sister. The two of them have a very interesting, tense relationship that keeps them both coming back for more. (I really like this one)

Addicted

Everyone knew that the way Billy treated you wasn't okay. Even on his good days, he was overly aggressive and always ordered you around like a dog. It didn't seem to matter to him that you two were siblings, because you weren't his sister. Maybe if you'd have been blood, it would have all been different but it wasn't.

You were his step sister, and so was Max, and in Billy's eyes, you were both lower than low. You'd grown to accept it, though it wasn't ideal, and it didn't bother you, until one day.

Max and Billy came home from the arcade, but instead of just entering the house like any normal day, your sister entered the house with a scream of frustration, slamming it on the way in before heading to her room without a word.

Now, you knew Maxine well, but you two could have been perfect strangers and you'd still have known she was upset. What surprised you about it was that she was so openly mad, because Max was the kind of girl to keep her feelings a secret as best she could.

Luckily, you were sister-of-the-year and knew exactly what to do. You dropped the dish you'd been washing into the warm, sudsy water and made your way toward the stairs, only to be stopped by Billy at the base of the staircase.

At first, you moved to pass him but there wasn't enough room between his body and the railing...something that he clearly knew. "Move Billy" you suggested, once again trying to pass but he stopped you with a hand on your shoulder, lightly shoving you a step back.

The motion wasn't hard enough to actually bother you, let alone hurt you but that didn't mean it didn't make you mad. There were just some days that you didn't feel like dealing with his shit, but he never had enough tact to understand that.

Apparently today was one of those days that he just didn't get it, that or he didn't care.

“Move” you repeated, staying put now, with your arms folded across your chest. If he was going to be a punk, you’d just wait it out until he got out of the way.

Billy responded exactly how you expected him to, laughing at you in the cocky way that only he could. He reeked of cheap alcohol and knock-off Drakkar Noir, but that wasn’t the problem you were currently having.

The scent itself wasn’t an issue, it worked for him. The real problem was that cocky look on his face that you just wanted to smack right off of him. “What’d you do to her anyway? what’d you say?” you wondered, your hip jutting out to the side slightly as you asked, your hand resting on your side in that way it always was when you were cross with him.

The two of you fought like an old married couple, and if anyone was to look in on what was happening, they would have thought that you were together because you got to him like only a lover could.

-And he hated it.

Billy didn’t want to feel that way for you, or anyone...but especially not you. There was just something about your stuck up way of walking, and the way you always pursed your lips when you spoke to him that made his blood boil.

Everything about you was infuriating, but he just couldn’t quit it either. You made him feel like an addict, who craved the one thing that was perpetually out of his reach and damn if he didn’t like the high.

“I didn’t do anything to her, just gave her a warning is all” he shrugged, clearly lying though you didn’t push the issue further. He would inevitably just come up with something else to make you angry.

So instead, you took matters into your own hands, running your hand up the sleeve of his jean jacket until you reached his collar. Billy always kept his collars popped up his neck and flared out because he thought people cared. Normally, you would have commented on how

stupid it was, but in this case, the fabric served you well.

Without missing a beat, you pulled him into you, only stopping when your lips were next to his ear. You wanted to make sure he wasn't going to miss the next few things you were going to say. Hell, even like this, there was a chance Billy would miss it.

"I'm only going to say this once, so pay attention" you started, leaning back ever so slightly to make sure he was still paying attention. He was, his eyes wide as he waited for you to finish speaking.

This was the only way to get through to Billy, after all, only aggression could get through to aggression. If Billy wanted to fight, then you'd play with fire right back.

"If she ever comes home like that again, I'll beat you worse than daddy ever has" you were only half serious, but the tone in your voice sent a chill down Billy's spine. That was why he couldn't shake you.

No matter how hard he tried to get you to bow down to him and admit that you were scared, you just wouldn't do it. It wasn't even that Billy was scared of you or your little threats, he just liked that you weren't as easy to break as everyone else.

He had to work for what he wanted, and for a guy like Billy, the chase was sometimes better than anything else.

"Understood?" you hummed, letting him go even though he didn't seem to notice. Billy remained as close to you as he was before, until of course, you shoved him backwards, nearly catching him off guard.

Briefly he considered sassing you just to see what would happen, but somehow he knew better. He was building anticipation by having you like this, and in this moment, nothing would make you happier than hearing that he'd gotten the message.

So he took the bait..."Understood" there was a level of argument in his tone, but you didn't care. The most important thing to you was that you got Billy to back down, like no one else could. He may have

been a scary, but you were scarier. He may have been mean, but you could be meaner, and anything he felt, you could feel just as well.

There was nothing he could hit you with that you hadn't already been exposed to and nothing would ever change that. The main problem was that this little game never changed.

It was as if you were both addicted to the way you were together, like gasoline and the open flame of a lighter. You two were destructive, and like a wild fire, burning down everything in your path in a fiery inferno but you loved it.

Finally, you moved to pass Billy, half expecting him to stop you but instead he let you go, stepping back to watch your frame disappear up the stairs. After everything, watching you walk away from him, was just as good as looking in your sparkling eyes, full of contempt and wanting.